

# THE MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED  
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DATE 08-22-2011 BY 60322 UCBAW





The imagination and energies within a person have the capacity to shape the future. The wish within a human being is the most powerful energy that exists. It can scale mountains and cross oceans as it expresses a depth beyond the ordinary.



But we are an exuberant people, careless and destructive as active children.

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BLUNT



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Moorish Science Monitor, Fire Shrine Press Editions, #1 #2 \$4 each

Moorish Orthodox Fire Shrine  
PO Box 451 Bizbee Az. 85603

## THE GREEN MAN IN ISLAM

Mysterious one of many seekers,  
the Green Man appears in the least likely places,  
and the least likely of all is Islam.

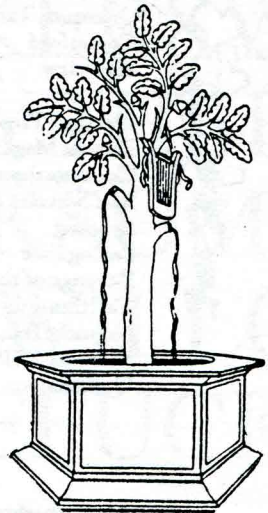
It has been said  
desert peoples value  
three things above all else:  
water, green things and great beauty.

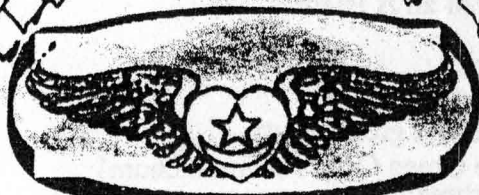
It is al-Khidar, the Green One, salaam aliehum!  
who embodies all three.

It is the Green One:  
who first tasted the waters of immortality  
bringing back from Hyperborea  
infinite light for all who would seek it;  
he searches the universe all over  
for seekers who would dare to learn the truth;  
he is the teacher who appears  
when the student is ready;  
who is everywhere around us  
constantly pouring into us  
direct illumination from Divine Reality,  
if we would only wake up;  
it is he who shocks the mundane  
to force them to acknowledge the existence  
of the marvelous;  
and of whose steps cause the barren soil  
to spring up flowers and herbs as he walks.  
May you meet the Green One soon!

Salaam Aliehum!

Bro. Shak





Welcome to the Green Issue  
#3 of the Moorish Science Monitor  
Fire Shrine Editions.

This Issue is dedicated to all green things.

#### The Order of Appearance

Front and back covers  
Imagination collage

The Green Man In Islam  
Lost/Found Wilderness  
Some Day...  
A Panic Hymn  
Immediatism and White Trash  
Spiritual Antecedents  
Birth announcement  
and collage  
Divine Sound

Public service announcement  
Mall safari  
Letter to Valencia  
My feet are a bird  
Quantum Tantra  
Centerfold  
Interview

Pleadian Physics Prostitutes  
Persian Magi Caravan  
Communique  
The Sorcerer  
Evening  
Facing Fate  
Revenge of the Ibis  
Calithumpia  
No more human habitat  
Moorish Millennium  
Questionare

Omar El Flam Bey  
Collage Consciousness  
Collective

Brother Shak.  
Omar El Flam Bey  
A.I.G.H  
James Jordan  
Omar ibn Lahab W/ special  
thanks to James Jordan  
The Tiamat Foundation

The Moorish Orthodox  
Fire Shrine

Anon.  
Anon.  
Hakim Bey  
Yogi Lucas  
Dr. Jabir 'abd al-Khalik  
Aiyana  
Nick Herbert w/  
Abu ben Nooma

Dr. Jabir  
Prince Selim Bey

Osman Malik Khan  
Micheal Gilbert  
Found  
Penelope Rosemont  
Khalwat I Khidr Temple  
Anon.  
Osman Malik Khan

CRACKSOMEDAYTHE  
KERSWILLCRACKSON  
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THE ARMY OF THE ILLOGICALLY GOOD-HUMORED  
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## I: Invocation

### A PANIC HYMN

In the forest, a lesser god,  
as ugly as he is proud,  
as rude as he is sweet:  
I kneel down before his feet.  
Hear him playing on his pipes:  
an Earthy song heard in the night.  
Travelers caught between two towns  
tremble at the wilder sounds.\*

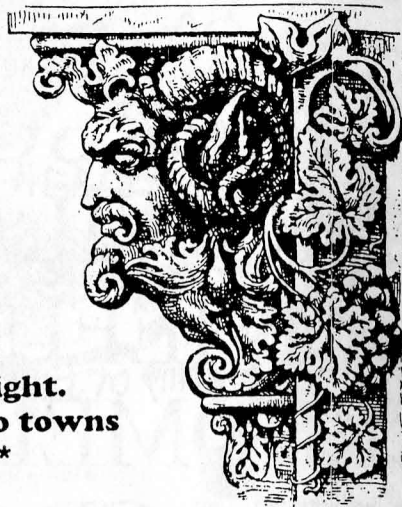
**CHORUS:** Well, pour out a libation,  
break into song;  
start a celebration,  
make it loud, make it long.  
Great Gods of Power, look down and see  
a playful god, a god who's free.

Great Apollo, who speaks all truth,  
with your wondrous, beauteous tunes,  
with the light you always shine,  
let me tell you of another kind.  
In the gateway of mystery,  
a primal tune begins to stir,  
the forest whispers these soft words:  
"No gods here but gods of Earth".

### (CHORUS)

\*: a common theme in stories about Pan, nymphs, satyrs, Dionysis, and the Bacchantes were the pipes they could be heard playing off in the forest—the Panpipes that Pan invented. To those city folks traveling about, the sounds of these songs would strike a chord of fear. Perhaps this was because they feared the frenzies of the Bacchantes, who were known to pull such civilized folk limb from limb (often times doing this to their own sons) to devour their raw flesh.

Excerpted from Sayters Baptism (Goat Songs III) the illustrated lyric book accompaniment to James Jordans Goat Songs III album 24 pages available from Fire Shrine Press 3\$



## Immediatism and white trash spiritual antecedents

To paraphrase our researches and personal interviews some southern mountain communities organized their social time into choral potlach sessions. Tho' deeply spiritual, and often housed in a church, the singing of Sacred Harp songs were not part of actual church services. Often different groups would travel to or host a "singin'", bringing together people from distant and isolated areas to share in goods, news and song. The Following are some examples of the beauty and deapth of some of our white trash ancestors spirituality

### SWEET RIVERS

Sweet Rivers of redeaming love lie just before mine eye  
Had I the pinions of a dove I'd to those rivers fly

I'd rise superior to my pain, with joy outstrip the wind  
I'd cross o'er Jordans stormy waves and leave the world behind  
In loves unbounded sea the glorious hope of endless rest is ravishing for me

A few more days or years at most my troubles will be o'er  
I hope to join the heavenly host on Cannans happy shore

I'd rise superior to my pain, with joy outstrip the wind  
I'd cross o'er Jordans stormy waves and leave the world behind  
In loves unbounded sea the glorious hope of endless rest is ravishing for me  
My raptured soul shall drink and feast  
My raptured soul shall drink and feast

### Sweet Prospect

On Jordans stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful eye  
to cannans fair and happy land where my possessions lie

Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene, that rises to my site  
sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight

Rapt'rous scene, that rises to m site  
sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight

O'er all those wide extended plains shines o'er eternat day  
There God the Son forever reigns and scatters night away

Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene, that rises to my site  
sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight  
Rapt'rous scene, that rises to my site  
sweet fields arrayed in living green and rivers of delight

No chilling winds or pois'nous breath can reach that healthful shore  
sickness and sorrow pain and death are felt no more

## Lost/Found Wilderness

(for Eartha whose idea I bit in writing this)

What is Wilderness? We think of trees and sun dappled greenness, the sounds of wind and birds. But is that wilderness? We can find this scene in a city park with concrete and cops sometimes closer than we can spit. Is the park then not wild because of its proximity to these icons and agents of Civilization (understood as the antithesis of wilderness)?

If trees and woods are wilderness than is the bed I lie in as I write this wild or because its been cut and shaped did it loose its wildness? What if I only carved part of it and left the bed posts naturally formed as branches, would that make it more wild? And what of the writer? Because I sit in a bed, in a house, in a city, using language, am I cut off from my wildness because of my tools and their products? Or am I like my wildish bed posts half wild or faux wild? Or maybe I'm more like a zoo specimen.

Can wilderness really be lost? Found? Tho' it is by far no substitute, I think somewhere in the wood of my bed there is still wilderness. Its cells were grown wild, wilderness informed and matured it. Somewhere in there wilderness still exists, maybe in the grain of the wood wavy lines of memory dreaming of apples and snakes. And me? Unlike my bed posts, I can do more then remember and dream, I can also awaken.

Abbie Hoffman once said "Where ever I put my boot that's where the revolution is". Being a wildman himself, I take inspiration from him and of course Noble Drew Ali who said "Children, grow good seeds".

I propose a Moorish Orthodox Wilderness Service, whose duty it will be to remember wilderness and plant the seeds of wakefulness. In some areas it may act as an awakening metaphor (seed mantra?) or contagious magick that causes remembrance and visitations by the Green Man. But ultimately the creed of the Moorish Orthodox Wilderness Service will become a reality; "Wherever I put my foot that's where wilderness is!"

## Updates

The M O C has a long involvement with upstate NY dating back to the 60's at Millbrook. We are glad to return and to renew the Moorish mission in the Mid-Hudson bioregion. The Manhattan Lodge M O C (Al-taha Temple #2) will issue a mandate for the founding of a lodge for the whole region, to be called the HERMOPOLIS LODGE. It will be situated on the Wallkill River, which is the only north-flowing river in the valley - like the Nile! - hence the designation after the ancient city of Thoth - i.e. Hermes Trismegistus. Our own seal will show the crescent moon with an Ibis on a perch (the heiroglyph for Thoth). The local representative of the ibis family (The cranes or "grues") is the Blue Heron. At Hermopolis the ibises were mummified and buried in silver ibis-shaped sarcophagi. The Hermopolis Lodge will be especially devoted to Hermetic Studies, and to bioregional issues. Possible futer projects include a Moorish Science Reading Room & Ashram, and a revival of Crescent Moon Books. For information contact

P. Lamborn Wilson Bey  
c/o Autonomedia  
box 568  
Brooklyn NY 11211



The Moorish Orthodox Fire Shrine  
and  
The Yeshe Tsogyal Lillith  
Appreciation Society  
proudly commemorate the  
corporealization of  
The Daughter of The Dragon  
King  
On  
13/13/99  
Gregorian

With the ringing of the Three Bells and the sounding of the Thigh Trumpet the heads of the aforementioned Societies meet in the sacred groves of Spring. Unlike the star struck bureaucrats of Confucian society, wandering damp hillsides seeking communion with the Divine Consorts and Dragon Women, only to be rewarded with haunting visions of Her beauty or the sounds of Her footsteps flitting through the canyons (or worse yet mearly the gibbon howling of the frustrated King of Ch'u), our rites were gifted with the attendance of the Daughter of the Dragon King. With due supplications She was moved to explain why She gathers mulberry blossoms: "In gathering the blossoms I gather myself". She then presented us with a bouquet of apple blossoms, whose fruition was the Krakenkinder herself

Eris Kallisti McCracken

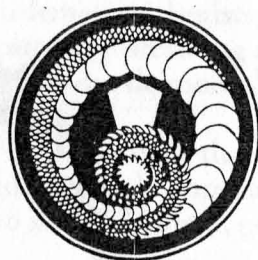
And now with one coiling about the wish fulfilling jewel at the center of our solar system by the great Earth Serpent the Goddess visits us again, this time with images from the great sage/ architect Buckey Fuller: "As the Earth spins (or coils) around the Sun, this love play produces all the forms of life. Sunlight and choice organic elements interact producing internally lit warm forms (indeed we all have this Chaos in us with which our dancing stars are birthed). And so, when forms burn, what we see as fire is the uncoiling of the sun from its temporary embodiment (indeed all forms, especially forms of fire, are impermanent).

Mother of Gods, Father of Gods,  
The old God  
Spread out on the navel of the Earth  
Within the circle of turquoise  
Who dwells in the waters the color  
of the bluebird  
Who dwells in the clouds  
The old God who inhabits the  
Shadows of the Land of the Dead  
The Lord of Fire and Time

Fear not the passage of time. The draconian coiling of time is not an evil serpent wishing to devour us, but a companion reminding us of the preciousness of each fleeting moment and tenuous form. "

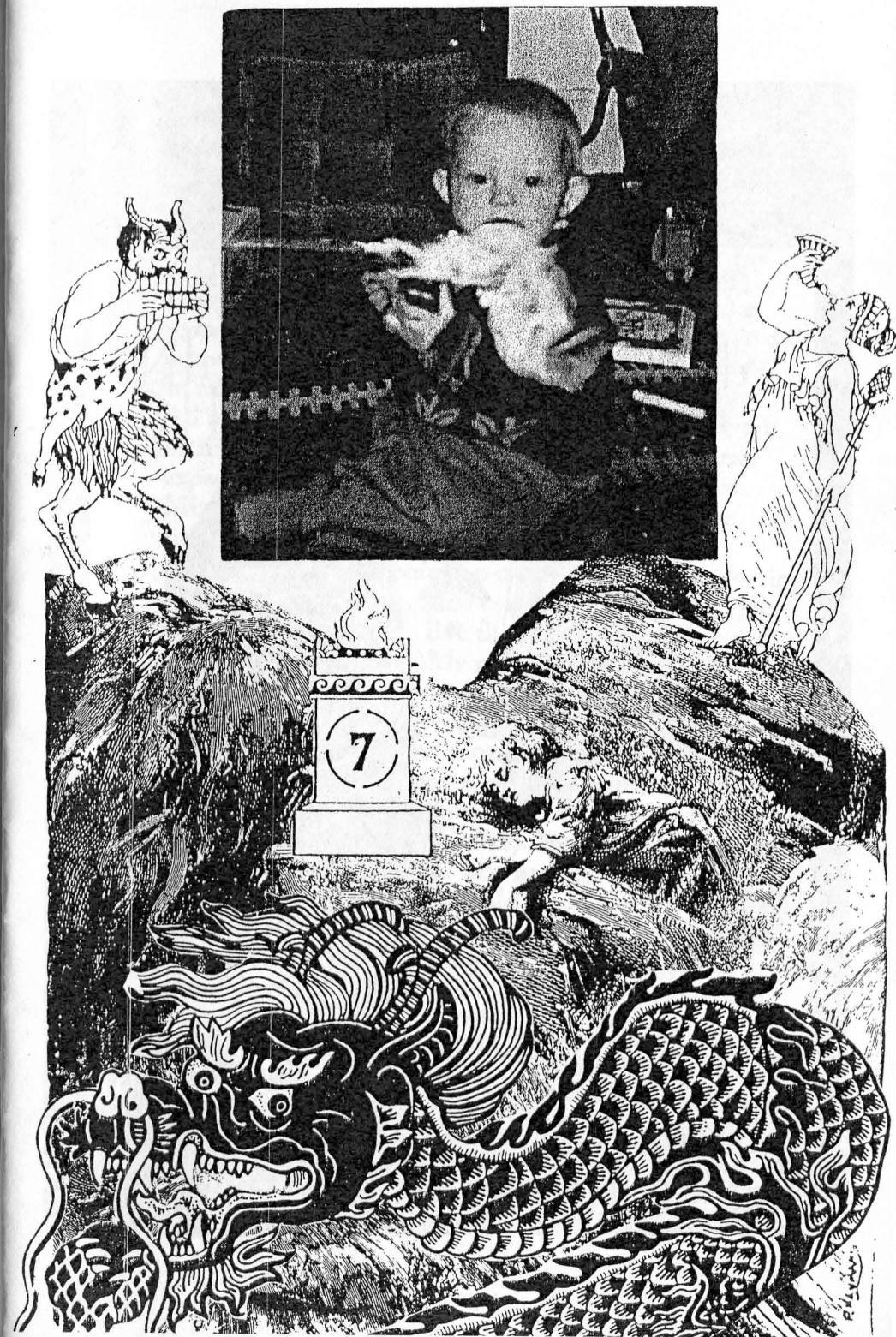
With this the Moorish Orthodox Fire Shrine and the Yeshe Tsogyal Lillith Appreciation Society announce another commingling of heavenly energies in the Tiamat Foundation, devoted to the unveiling of Dragon Mysteries East and West, on this the 37th day of the Year of the Dragon.

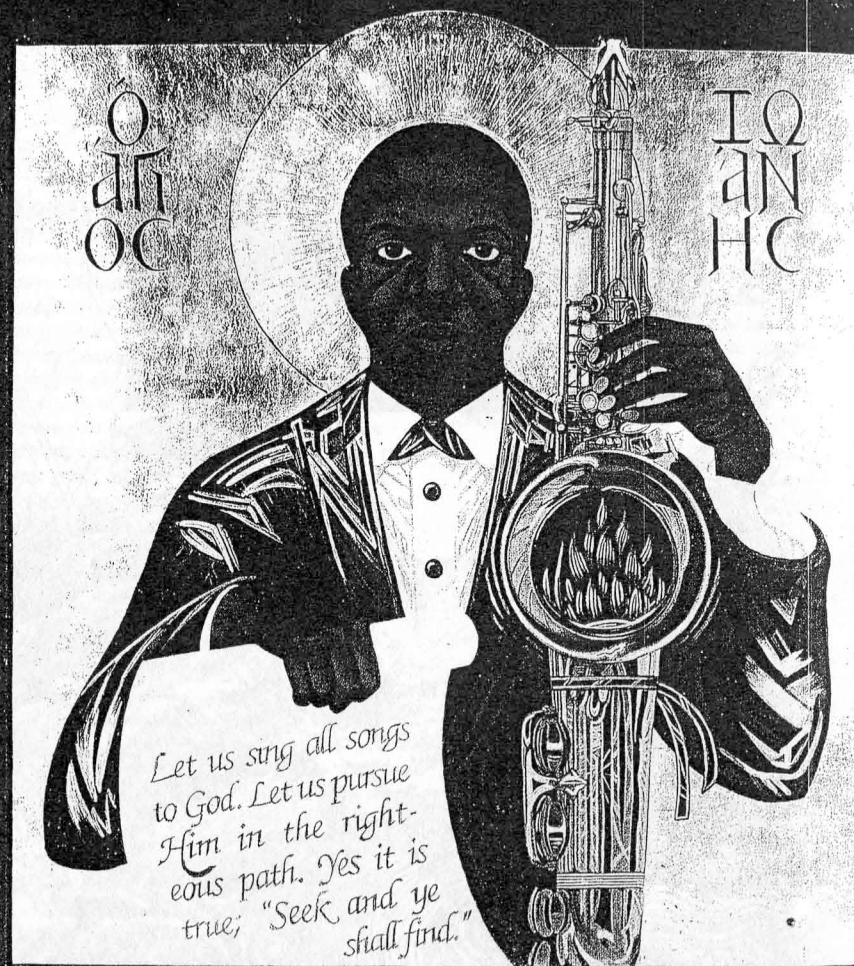
HAIL ERIS !!!



HAIL TIAMAT !!!

Witness our sign and seal





St. John Will-I-A-M Coltrane

# Report from The Moorish Orthodox Fire Shrine Divine Sound

In July the Fire Shrine attended services of the St. John's Cathedral African Orthodox Church (351 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, CA, 94117) Drawn in by the sounds of inspired jazz and blazing iconography, once inside the church, we were greeted enthusiastically by a charming Africa woman and bid to take a spot standing in the back of the filled room. All other congregation members were standing as well, letting the music move and provoke them to reverie, expressed in shouts and clapping and beams of bliss. Mixed within obvious improv. numbers were the tunes of John Coltrane. A Rev. addressed the congregation at one point on creativity as the wellspring of Divine inspiration. Memorable quote, from St. John himself, "My goal is to live the truly religious life and express it in my music. My music is the spiritual expression of what I am; my faith, my knowledge, my being." After the Rev. spoke more music was played with change offs of musicians as other members from the congregation were moved to express themselves. For the cool down refreshments were served in an atmosphere of fellowship amongst the ethnically diverse congregation. In speaking to the woman who greeted us, i learned that not only does the C.A.O.C hold inspirational services on Sundays and Wednesday nights, but have various outreach programs including clothing and food distribution to the poor. They take charitable donations as well as sell the iconography of Rev. C.E. Dukes. We were most moved by the spirit of this church and recognize them as kindred. All Moors are urged to attend services whenever in San Francisco. An official Moorish delegation is anticipated.

"John Coltrane is a freedom fighter, liberating spirit from shackles of form"

# Public Service Announcement

## POVERTY

It may be helpful to remember that things have not always been as they are

This may be, obvious as it sounds, and easy to forget while walking concrete paths and perceiving streams of traffic and rectangular shelters

It may be helpful to keep in mind that at one time these constructions were non-existent

It may be of some use to look over all that you can see right now, the expanse and boundaries of our environment, and think how all of this will be gone one day eaten, and reapplied

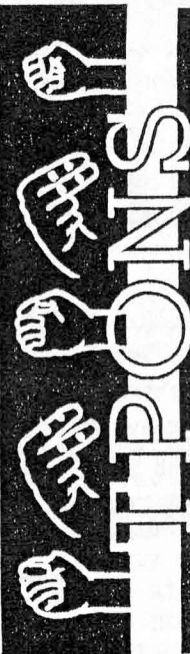
It may be helpful to see beauty in decomposition; because like the leaves of trees turn bright and fall to the ground to replenish their mother it is also our inescapable privilege to rot

So it now becomes necessary to view all items in the world as reflections, all objects as mirrors, and then move upon this basis.

Mall Safari 21st century w/ my faithful translator Noodji who knows the native tongue. We are barely 7 minets beyond the entrance when a security gard approaches saying, "Can I help you, sir?". Noodji translates: "You two lookee suspicious. I be watching you." We move on another hundred yards or so. "Hello. Welcome to Wal-mart" says an elderly man in the florescent glare. Noodji tranlates: "Him say, I canna believe cruel life has crowded me to this. Please just killee me now". When we wander too near one of the check-out lines, a woman smashes me with her cart and blocks our path. "oops, sorry, excuse me" she says. Noodji translates: "Her say, Ha Ha Ha, I be in front of you now". We move away from her into another store. From behind us a girl says: "Can I help you, sir? Noodji Translates: "Her say, Don't waste me time. Buy something and getee out". Still another store, deep in the heart of the mall. Noodji finds a card he wants and we approach the check out counter to trade for it. The boy there says "How are you sir?" Then when we are thru, "Have a nice day". Noodji Translates: "Him say nothing at all".



# UNIVERSAL ALIENS



The Human Experiment/Preliminary Investigations

## WHAT IS MEDIA?

Phenomenological Transcendental Research

### WHAT IS MEDIA ?

Research Station is sited at Local Idea Council offices. Daily Field Observations and other data gathered by Test Human/Co-Researcher are open for inspection.

All criticism is constructive.



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public viewing hours:  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday  
evenings from 7 to 9 pm

loideaco@shore.net localideacouncil.org 662-0840

## MEDIA BLACKOUT

Test Human is deprived  
of all voluntary exposure to  
contemporary media as follows  
for a period of one year, from  
Jan. 1, 2000 through Jan 1, 2001:

- NEWS except incidental disclosure in personal conversation
- BOOKS pub. after 1/1/2000
- NEWSPAPERS
- MAGAZINES
- RADIO
- FILMS produced after 1990
- TELEVISION network and cable
- RENTAL VIDEOS since 1990
- COMPACT DISKS
- INTERNET WEB and
- E-MAIL

*No human cruelty*

MEDIA-IMPAIRED



*If only I  
could think  
new thoughts...*

*Hello!*

*I cannot  
see or hear*

*news, television and*

*most other media -- but*

*Thank you for inviting me  
to share a media experience!*

### Letter to Valencia

By a curious coincidence, the Internet began to emerge at approximately the same time as Global Capital, around the end of the 1980's. Of course the Net had a prehistory in the 80's and many utopian predictions were made about it. I made some myself. Expectations were aroused by the unbordered or "chaotic" aspect of the technology, it's levelling or many-to-many structure. Apparently the Net was a non-hierarchy, "out of control" -- and possibly even a kind of revolution in itself.

Now Global capital also desires a kind of borderlessness, so that money can flow freely through markets without blockages imposed by States. In fact, the State is now re-theorized as an agency for speeding up the flow by "privatizing" many of its former social and economic roles. Capital reveals more and more clearly its chaotic aspects, its organization around strange attractors and complexity. Capital is "liberated" to follow its own fate -- which consists of a kind of fatality, a totalitarianism of pure money. It turns out that hierarchy no longer means what it used to mean. When every human relation is defined by money, ideology loses definition and seems to evaporate. But the phrase "out of control" here describes only an illusion. Control only "disappears" because of its perfection, its universalization, and its identification as "pure" capital.

The net seems to have followed a parallel trajectory. The State appears baffled by certain uncontrollable aspects of the Net, but Capital feels no such dismay. Capital is already "virtual" -- less than 10% is cash, and less than 5% refers to any form of production -- i.e. most of it is pure financial capital, not productive capital -- a strange happenstance perhaps unforeseen even by Marx. Capital embraces the Net almost at once and "capitalizes" it. In less than 10 years the Net seems transformed from a radical heuristic device to a galactic home-shopping network. A few glitches remain, to be sure. Ecash for example fails to materialize, and fortunes are made in stock speculation on companies with zero profit lines. But in New York the sides of busses bear advertisements for various www.dot.com's offering incomprehensible "services" purveyed by young models with postmodern attitude problems; the TV screen merges with the computer screen in an ecstasy of sheer vacuity, a seduction empty of content -- a culture of video tombstones and talk shows for the Dead.

In the early 1990's I attended a long series of conferences in Europe, nearly all of them devoted primarily to communication theory & specifically to the Net. I was invited because I'd done some early theorizing and because my texts were already present on the Net in the late 80's. But during these conferences I found myself playing a rather negative role. First, I devoted most of my critique to what I called CyberGnosis, the tendency to make a kind of religion out of the disembodied characteristics of computer tech -- as if alienation from the body constituted a kind of transcendence over materiality -- a new version of "pie in the sky", complete with its anorexic priesthood of "legendary hackers" (dressed in black of course).

Second: It's true that there were some examples of radical uses of the Net -- the Zapatista communiques, the anti-McDonalds and anti-Scientology campaigns, Radio 92 in Belgrade, and we can now add Seattle. The vague feeling that one is doing something radical by immersing oneself in a new technology cannot be dignified with the title of radical action. In truth the Net seemed to me to get longer and longer on talk and shorter and shorter on action. I began to suspect that the revolutionary "applications" of the Net would never arrive. "Feelings" would occur, of course, and huge emotional resources would be invested in the notion of a "virtual community". But in the real world of production, power, and corporeality, nothing essential would change. At this point it began to occur to me that the Net is a perfect mirror of Global Capital. There is a "free market" of information -- but not necessarily any freedom for anything that is not information -- just as there is a free market for money, no freedom for anything that is not money. Now human beings are not "information" except by way of metaphor. Food is not "information". Pleasure is not "information". Life is not "information". So when the universe is defined as information, a great deal is left out. Likewise when human existence is defined as an information-driven complex of commodity relations (relations amongst dead things), then a great deal of human matter is left out of the pattern. Capital & the Net have this in common: a radical exclusion of the human.

A terminal state has been reached in the speed of delivery of message -- the speed of light. No more "progress" can be expected in this field. Refinements, yes, But  $E=MC^2$  and that's final. Similarly one can theorize that a terminal condition of information has been attained through the Net. "All information" is theoretically present & simultaneous & transparent to the gaze of the "user". Apparently there is no more "hierarchy" of information ("information wants to be free" -- just like Global Capital). But if everything is known (as a passive event so to speak) why should I pursue knowledge in an active mode? My action of knowing means nothing in a universe where everything is known. Paradoxically it seems knowledge depends on the existence of non-(or anti-) knowledge. Darkness is needed to give meaning to light. When everything is illumined then light itself is a kind of darkness. Universal knowledge is a kind of black (w)hole into which everything vanishes without trace. An infinite gravity.

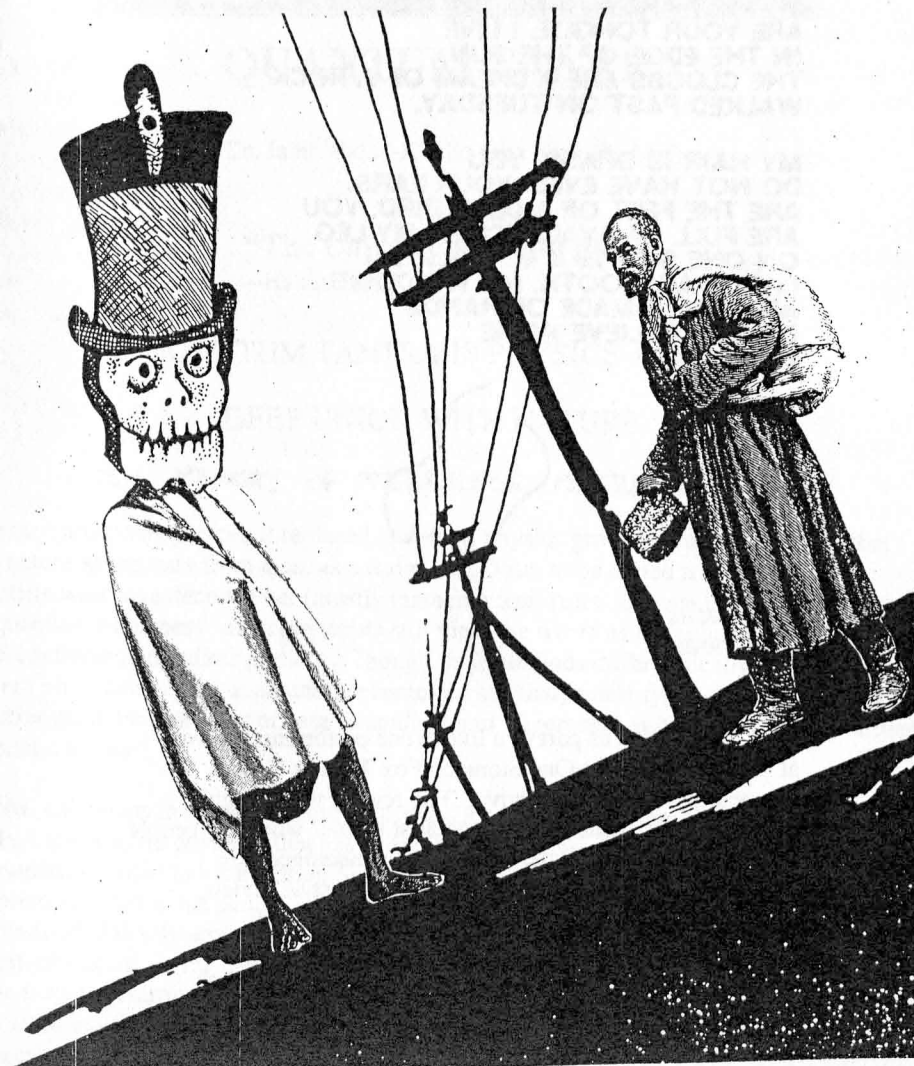
1995 was "the year of the Net" -- that is, its last year of uncertainty, of becoming, of unknown potential. Since then the question of the Net no longer appears to me as an interesting question. I won't say it has been answered, but merely that I no longer care. What has become interesting for me is what is not on the Net. Of course, in a sense it seems impossible to discover anything without its own website. Total enclosure appears to have occurred -- nothing remains of an "Outside", no resistance to totality, no margin. Under such conditions it would be difficult to say what might be "interesting". In a world of pure light the only difference would consist of points of darkness, perhaps of deliberate refusal.

Isn't it curious that no global resistance seems to emerge via global communication in response to Global Capital? There are many individual issues, areas of struggle, and yet no cohesive sense of movement. The remnants of the

Left seem to have accepted the triumph of Capital, and limit their responses to a demand that it show a "human face". The old evil Right of fundamentalism and ethnic nationalism still struggles against the homogeneity and hegemony of postmodern information driven commodity fetishism -- a last-ditch defense of Evil against the nothingness of a world that can no longer define "Good". But the sense of a "movement of the Social" (or some moral equivalent) seems lacking -- indeed, it sounds like a joke in poor taste, a frivolous delusion left over from the 60's.

In any case, goodbye to the Net. If it's possible that anything authentic of human life will survive the Future into which we have been precipitated, then that something will not take place on the Net. It has become a haunted slum, a suffocating archeology of buried hope. Perhaps it is something that can be "overcome" (as Nietzsche would say). Dead weight of epistemological crisis, dead weightlessness of virtual ecstasy.

Hakim Bey





MY FEET ARE A BIRD.  
I'M PAVED OVER IN GRASS. YOU  
ARE A REPTILE WITH HAIR. I  
HAVE A ROCK FOR A BIRD HAIR. I  
YOUR FEET ARE REPTILES.  
I LIVE IN A GRASS HOUSE  
ON THE EDGE OF THE SUN. THE SUN  
IS MY TOOTH. BUT LESS DURABLE,  
THOUGH TREES ARE MY ARMS.

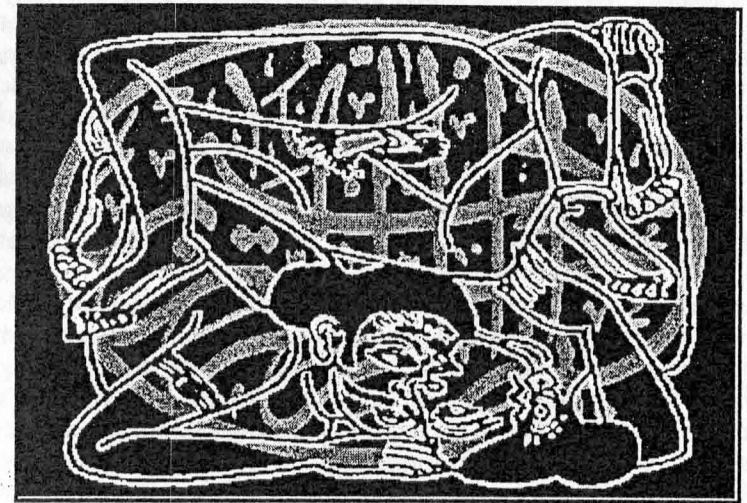
WE CRAWL AROUND EACH OTHER THROUGH  
INEXORABLY SHORT EXISTANCES. WEARING  
EACH OTHERS EYELASHES ON EACH OTHER'S IMAGES.  
WE ARE AN ELABORATION OF THE EYELASH.  
MY FEET ARE A HAND. REPTILES  
ARE YOUR TONGUE. I LIVE  
IN THE EDGE OF THE SUN.  
THE CLOUDS ARE A DREAM OF A ROCK  
WALKED PAST ON TUESDAY.

MY HAIR IS GRASS. YOU  
DO NOT HAVE EYES. YOUR EARS  
ARE THE FEET OF A DEAD BIRD. YOU  
ARE FULL OF AVALANCHES. MY LEG  
ON ONE SIDE IS A MUD SLIDE. I  
LIVE IN MY TOOTH. MY WINDOWS  
ARE WALLS MADE OF HANDS.  
DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME  
SLITHER.



Yogi Lucas  
Fox Theater\*  
1998

\*this was recited as part of a live dance performance given at the Many Mouths One Stomach Fox Theater Grand Unopening Vaudeville Revival. The revival was a highly successful experiment in immediatist theater where 35 people snuck themselves into the historic yet condemned Fox Theater and performed a 5 hour vaudeville style review. The Theater was lit exclusively with candles and all "audience" members were "performers" and vice versa. Among fire performances and puppet shows we enjoyed history lessons on the Fox Theater, food, drink, and much more unmentionable here.



## QUANTUM TANTRA

Dr. Jabir 'abd al-Khaliq (aka Nick Herbert)

"The Universe wants to play"

--Hakim Bey

QUANTUM TANTRA IS PHYSICS-ASSISTED

DEEP UNION WITH NATURE.

IN MEMORY OF TERRENCE MCKENNA

Like the Newtonian physics it replaced, quantum physics grows out of a worldview that sees nature as separate from man, as a dangerous Other to be tamed and controlled by scientists who have decoded her (mostly mathematical) rules. Despite lip service paid to "quantum wholeness" most physicists still view the world as Us versus It, as conscious mind confronting mindless particles. Though their methods differ radically from Newton's, modern physicists regard quantum mechanics as just that, a new type of mechanics – subtle and strange, to be sure – but at base as soulless and impersonal as Newton's gravity-driven celestial machine

Despite statements in some quantum texts that Observer and System form an inseparable whole, I know of no physicist that has ever merged with his apparatus: the relationship of the modern scientist to his quantum System is every bit as aloof as that of a pre-quantum Victorian scientist to his pendulum clocks and meter sticks. Despite their nominal belief in the "undivided wholeness" of the quantum world (described especially well by David Bohm), physicists, in the name of "scientific objectivity" hold themselves apart from the nature they are examining and practice dispassionate "observation" rather than merging. Such aloof inquiry results, predictably, in a picture of nature that, despite its quantum strangeness, is essentially dead and lifeless.

Can it be that quantum mechanics has limited itself unnecessarily by thoughtlessly maintaining old mechanistic and separatist notions inherited from its Newtonian past? Feminist critics of science such as Evelyn Fox Keller and Sandra Harding see physics as blinded by "patriarchal biases" and look toward a more clear-sighted "successor science". Can we find a radically new way to approach science that is more in tune with the way the world really is, the way quantum theory hints it might actually be?

"Quantum Tantra" attempts to blaze a new pathway for science by incorporating previously discarded and marginal ways of thinking into a new synthesis. Two non-mechanistic, non-separatist traditions are of particular interest for this purpose: Western alchemy and Eastern tantra. Alchemy is based on the notion of a partially psychic chemistry in which the mind of the alchemist merges with the material cooking in his alembic. Tantra teaches that the universe is not mere motion of dead matter but the sexual play of two divine beings and seeks techniques to directly participate in that holy play. The goal of "Quantum Tantra" is to initiate an entirely new direction of research by approaching quantum theory and its paradoxes as if they were incomplete fragments of a "successor science" based on tantric and alchemical principles.

For instance, what kind of science would result if we regarded the world not as a collection of dead objects but, in the manner of certain Sufi mystics (practitioners of 'ilm al-qulub or "science of hearts"), as the very body of the Beloved? What could be learned about nature and ourselves if, instead of treating her as an object to be passively observed, we began looking for ways to "woo her", to become actively involved in natural processes? And suppose our attempts at wooing and deeper involvement were guided, not by vague myths of pre-scientific peoples, but by powerful insights, bold hunches and inspired guesses gleaned from three centuries of math-enlightened physics? What is the deepest kind of union with nature that twentieth-century minds can envision? What is the deepest kind of union we can actually achieve?

Western religion sees the world as a job completed by a lone omnipotent being (traditionally male) long ago in the past, an event in which humans played no part. Practitioners of tantra, on the other hand, consider the world to be created anew each moment, as the love play of two divine beings, Shiva and Shakti, and believe that humans can participate to some extent in that union, in partnership with another being, performing a kind of "cosmic physics" in a soft laboratory of entangled muscles and mind. Which is the better world-myth? Is the universe more like an ancient one-man job or present moment two-part joy?

Along with much else of deep human concern, science has tamed and sanitized sex as a mere psychobiological process, like breathing or digestion. Sex in the West has been subject to glaring scrutiny, in hundreds of books, thousands of magazine articles and millions of pornographic images, but in spite of massive scientific and media exposure, sex continues to fascinate us with its primitive mystery. Each of us, no matter how sophisticated senses that he or she could still be sexually surprised.

Mystics of many persuasions, using ecstatic introspection as a tool have attempted to examine this world's deep reality from inside and claim, like quantum physicists, that truth at that level strains human powers of description. Most mystics are solitary, but, alongside these one-person paths, a more social way of exploring the inner world in couples and small groups has also existed, a yoga-for-two calling itself "tantra" from the Sanskrit word for "weaving".

Tantra begins with the surprising claim that sex is not only holy, but that it is in some sense a direct participation in the creation of the world, an event which Western science and religion assert to have happened in a far distant past. Tantrikas also claim that the universe results from the playful union of two divine beings and that this divine can be directly experienced in the sexual act. Though there are many tantras (tantric scriptures) they all agree that the truth of these statements is not to be taken on faith but must be directly experienced. If tantra can be regarded as a science, it is the kind of science that values experiment more highly than words.

Tantric adepts (tantrikas) use sex neither for recreation nor procreation but for exploration of deep reality, as a kind of hands-on, wide-eyed descent into Being. In the past these intuition-inspired sexual explorations of deep inner nature were carried out within cultures that knew almost nothing about the deep structure of matter as seen from without. Likewise our math-guided understanding of outer nature has been achieved in a vacuum of spiritual knowledge. "Quantum Tantra" will explore the possibility of a sacred sexuality enriched by the metaphors of modern physics as well as the possibility of a new tantra-inspired style of doing physics. The central mystery of physics is how possibilities become actual; the central mystery of tantra is deciding what to do next.

Quantum tantrikas are particularly inspired by a wholly quantum form of connection called "phase entanglement" – the type of connection responsible for the voodoo-like direct influence proved by John Bell to underlie the world's everywhere local phenomena. Three "physics icons" in the quantum tantra book of natural wonders include: a single system entangled in its own mirror image (Drexhage experiment); Bell's much-studied quantum twosome (EPR experiment); and a recently concocted quantum threesome (GHZ experiment) each of which illustrates important features of the peculiar quantum style of connection.

These three examples of matter quantum-entangling with other matter prepare us to think about the more unconventional and exciting possibility of human mind quantum-entangling with matter in new forms of union. These new styles of directly experiencing nature will involve our quantum parts (oscillating possibilities) rather than our computer-like Newtonian parts (actual particles), will involve giving up control, yielding to matter's way, relaxing, being moved by, being penetrated by and taking in nature, letting "nature measure us" rather than "us measuring her", will involve scientists taking turns in the "male" and "female" roles rather than staying stuck in the single pose of "objective observer" (which we can always return to with fresh insights).

Most likely these new forms of entanglement with matter will be practiced first not by Conventional scientists but by ordinary people with less old-fashioned conceptual baggage To overcome. Stuck-in-the-past scientists may be the last to enjoy the benefits of this Quantum-inspired, physics-assisted deep union with nature. Quantum tantra, with unique labs in every household, may be a true people's science, its wisdom passed on privately mouth-to-mouth.

For a taste/tease of Quantum Tantra, Nick Herbert recommends "the Spell of the Sensuous" By David Abram, Pantheon Books, 1996





## INTERVIEW WITH A QUANTUM TANTRIK

NICK HERBERT in conversation with ABU BEN NOOMA

Abu: I'll get straight to the point, Nick. What do quantum tantriks want?

Nick: We want to fuck atoms.

Abu: With or without their permission?

Nick: With permission of course. We are not savages.

Abu: How does one ask an atom for a fuck? And what would you do if one said "yes"?

Nick: We'll use machines to ask them; if they say yes we'll use the same machines to begin the foreplay.

Abu: You'll use machines to fuck atoms? What kinds of machines do you have in mind, Nick?

Nick: These are machines that join one mind to another, Abu. If such a machine were connecting you and I, we would each be aware of what the other was thinking. Between two humans this machine would operate like a telepathic link. What it might feel like to join this way with an atom one could only guess. One thing is certain, whoever experiences the first link with atoms will be taking a bigger step for mankind than Christopher Columbus or the first man on the Moon.

Abu: What do you call this machine?

Nick: I'm fond of the word "Convivium" because this machine will be a conduit for vivacity, channelling the very essence of what it feels like to be alive. I've also called it a "Jim Link" in honor of JAMES CULBERTSON who first described such a link and how to build it in his pathbreaking book "The Minds of Robots".

Abu: So the Jim Link is like the Vulcan Mind Meld on Star Trek?

Nick: Yes, except that the Mind Meld is science fiction--but the Convivium will be a real device that you can hold in your two hands.

Abu: How would your mind link work?

Nick: Well, Culbertson's "Jim Link" works by establishing certain patterns of causal connection called "clear loops" between two centers of awareness. Culbertson's model of mind is entirely classical. You could probably build a "Jim Link" with computer parts from Radio Shack.

However as ingenious as it may be, Culbertson's consciousness model is probably wrong. To build the first Convivium I think we'll need resources that only quantum theory can provide. We'll succeed in bridging minds by setting up an unbroken pattern of quantum phase connections using techniques that today we can barely imagine but which in a few years will become commonplace.

Abu: What's the biggest hurdle that you face, Nick, in your work to develop the Convivium?

Nick: Human stupidity, Abu. We don't yet know as much as we would like to know about quantum theory and we are completely ignorant about the nature of mind.

Abu: You make it sound pretty hopeless, Nick. Why then are you so optimistic?

Nick: No, it's not as hopeless as it looks, Abu. There's a certain sense in which we "fuck atoms" every day. So we don't really have to invent the Convivium from scratch, we only need to develop something that amplifies abilities which we already possess.

Abu: What do you mean: we fuck atoms every day?

Nick: We have two ways of knowing matter: one way is thru the senses where we perceive what matter looks and smells like from the outside. And the second way is knowing matter from the inside. We're made of matter too, so we know in a very direct and indisputable way what a certain type of matter feels like from inside.

Schopenhauer called this second way of knowing a "secret door" into the nature of reality. And Schopenhauer was right. We know with certainty something about the true nature of this bodily existence that no external observation of that body can reveal.

Since we already possess a method of knowing matter from the inside, all the Convivium will have to do is merely extend the range of this inside knowledge to the insides of other entities.

Abu: A kind of telescope for the soul.

Nick: Yes, a tool that can extend my innerness into the innerness of Abu, or into the innerness of an atom, or into the innerness of a squirrel, a salt marsh or a galaxy.

Abu: Swapping feelings with the Milky Way? What is quantum tantra?--is it science or mysticism?

Nick: It's scientific mysticism. Abu. We want to explore the same territory that mystics get to (and more) but we want to travel to these places first class.

Abu: Your business about expanding awareness sounds a lot like what people were saying in the sixties about psychedelic drugs.

Nick: Yes, our privileged view of matter from inside can be profoundly changed by certain mind-altering molecules. Used in the right way, these drugs have a lot to teach us about how the world actually works--there's an important first step in learning how to fuck atoms. But compared to the Convivium, compared to the ways that physicists will open new doors into the inner life of things, these crude chemical concoctions will seem like stone axes in the hands of cavemen.

Abu: So quantum tantra is a kind of physics-based LSD experience?

Nick: Drugs are mere training wheels, Abu. Quantum tantra is a starship to other worlds.

Abu: Why do you call what you want to do "fucking atoms"? Why not "enjoying telepathy with atoms"?

Nick: If you think that union with another being is like talking on the telephone you will be very surprised by your first Convivium experience. Linking minds on the symbolic level will be just a small part of this physics-assisted Opening to Otherness. Thru the Convivial link we will feel our bodies blending as well as our minds plus other kinds of connectedness that we don't yet have names for. So I don't think it's misleading to compare Convivial Union to sex but you must imagine it to be a type of sex that's deeper than anything most of us have ever experienced.

Abu: Deeper than sex? Deeper than drugs? Sounds great, Nick, but what's the catch?

Nick: The catch is that when you merge insides with other beings, you do not come back unchanged. The person that comes out of the Convivial Embrace is not be the same person that went in. Ordinary science is tame science--measuring the mass of a quark doesn't change you much. But because it's inherently participatory, quantum tantra is profoundly dangerous--and the risks increase the deeper you go. The more you want to learn about the world the more you risk losing not only your personal identity but even your membership in the human species.

On top of that the Convivial experience itself may not appeal to many scientists. Quantum tantra requires a high tolerance for ambiguity, a willingness to dissolve one's personal boundaries and surrender to alien embraces plus a high capacity for empathy. Most scientists--but not all--have very rigid character structures and very little empathy even for their own species let alone empathy for grotesque sex-starved jelly mammals from the Pleiades. I'm not all that brave and well-equipped for quantum tantra myself but I am practicing fearlessness and opening my body and my mind to new ideas and experiences.

Abu: Thank you, Nick, for taking time to answer my questions. Is there anything you would like to say to sum up this new way of encountering and understanding the world?

Nick: Yes, Science has succeeded (perhaps too well) in taming Nature; now it's time to learn how to woo Her, seeing Her not as a collection of dead parts but approaching Nature as the very Body of the Beloved. And this neither as metaphor nor mysticism but as a suitably extended physics. Few conventional scientists will have much interest or ability for this sort of research. To carry out this new work (and this new play) quantum tantra will call forth new kinds of geniuses, male and female Scientist/Lovers of the Cosmos, daring athletes of the heart and mind.

We are living in a time when all our knowledge is being built anew. Modern physics is fully erect; science; quantum tantra is science on all fours.



## PLEIADEAN PHYSICS PROSTITUTES

"Will trade sex for secrets of Nature."

Alone in your bed on a hot summer night, you're awaked by a deep, humming sound and a ravenous sexual appetite. Then suddenly space itself seems to split open and out of a shimmering green cave in the air oozes the most beautiful creature of the opposite sex you've ever seen in your life. Some of the details may not seem quite right--the number of fingers, the shape of the mouth but she/he's the stuff dreams are made of and you want him/her bad--their visuals are a bit off the mark but their mammalian pheromone package is right on the mark, and with each gasp for breath, molecular sexual messengers are shifting every cell in your body into throbbing erotic overdrive.

"Will trade sex for secrets of Nature" resonates telepathically in whatever's left of your higher cognitive centers. But before you surrender your body and soul to this sex-scented seducer from the lush green hole in space, there are a few things you should know about Pleiadian Physics Prostitutes.

In the first place, the're not from the Pleiades.

Nobody knows where they come from. They could be emanations from other galaxies, or from other dimensions. Or they may even be ancient forms of sentience native to Earth. One thing is certain: they will tell you anything you want to hear in order to get themselves laid.

Secondly, the're dead serious about what they offer. If you choose to have sex with them they will share with you real knowledge of alien physics. In fact much of the

time the sex and the sharing of knowledge are indistinguishable. They do not lie. Sexual intercourse with a Pleiadean Physics Prostitute cannot fail to teach you a lot about how our Universe actually operates.

Third, they possess so much knowledge of the mental/physical realm that for them the process we call "science" has come to an end. Altho they are not omniscient, they do know everything that they consider worth knowing. Their physics is complete--they possess the One Unified Theory of Matter, of Spirit and of Consciousness. Wherever they come from, they have gorged themselves on knowledge, and hunger no more for mere facts.

Fourth, their science drives satisfied, it is not New Knowledge they seek but New Experience--the experiences they especially prize are experiences of union--of deep and intimate communication with other mind/body beings (of whom there are many trillions in our galaxy alone.)

They are bored with mere symbolic communication (they laugh at our pathetic radio telescopes) and crave wide-bandwidth empathetic union with other awarenesses. They want what any truly intelligent life form anywhere wants: they want to see and be seen by interesting beings. And they "see" across spectrums that humans know nothing about.

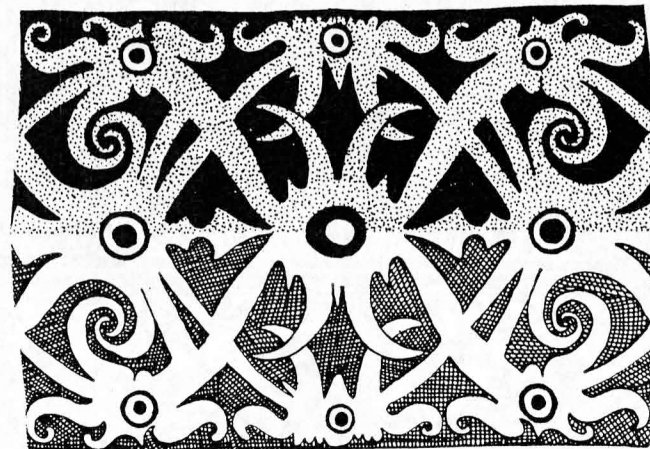
They want to join body, mind and spirit with new and exotic sentences like ourselves and they are willing to give up some of their vast knowledge to negotiate these deep erotic unions. What Pleiadean Physics Prostitutes are looking for is strange new sex among the backwater fleshpots of Earth.

"Will trade sex for secrets of Nature."

But if they crave wide-band communion with humans so intensely, what has held them back from seducing every man and every woman on Earth with their irresistible offers of physics for sex? They certainly do not fear our weapons which seem simple playthings compared to the least of the powers wielded by these omnisexual Masters and Mistresses of Time and Space.

What has held them back is not fear of us nor lack of desire--we are sexually beautiful, utterly strange and immensely desirable in their "eyes". What has held them back so far has been their innate abhorrence of the molestation of children.

DOCTOR JABIR (who will always say "yes" to a Pleiadean Prostitute)



## THE WAY OF ILLUMINATION



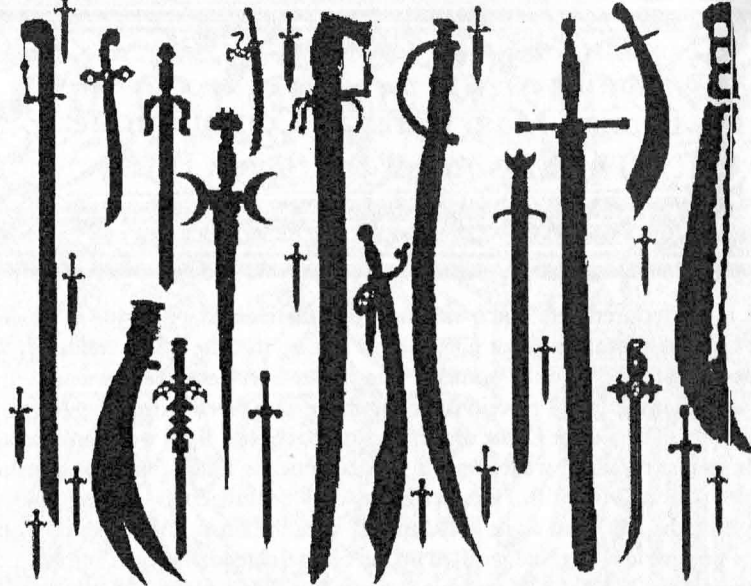
## Persian Magi Caravan Communiqué: The Mosque of the Seven Eyes.

It is to be declared with much emphasis that there exists a Mosque in which our Caravan makes frequent pilgrimages. It is no mistake that it resides in that same city which is also the home of The Upper Left Temple. Nor is it a surprise that the Imam therein is among those who dwell within the Adept Chambers. The *Dai* or Caller of this Mosque of Seven Eyes welcomed us and bade us rest from our weary travels. We saw not the Imam (who has remained hidden) during our visits. His silence may only be understood through the words of the *Dai*, who alone may "speak" with the Imam. Although not long in its present location, the wisdom of the Shrine extends far back into an esoteric past. The place of worship, carpeted & Pillowed, houses tokens of devotion placed there by the faithful. Letters, photographs, pious petitions & prayers, talismans, diagrams, candles, jewels and holy artifacts adorn the place. A mass of Moorish Mail-order Mysticism, sent by all manner of people who, receive the obvious benefit of contributing to such a sacred space. The great library and scholars of the Mosque are dedicated to "reveal" or "unveil" the Mysteries. During our last visit we learned that the Imam was about to reveal the Secret of the Seven Eyes of Allah. Long ages have concealed this knowledge which only passed from lip to ear among those in the Secret Garden. Mosque scholars with the help of the *Dai*, have published the chief of these mysteries by order of the Hidden one. It is to be the second among a veritable Encyclopaedia of Resurrected Moorish Literature, the first being the Circle 7 Koran. Like the Taoist Canon, or more closely, the *Rasa'il* (or Treatises) of the Ikhwan al-Safa, this Collection of Moorish Knowledge will be light on the Path for the Faithful. We of the Persian Magi Caravan travel our way in search of such knowledge, to gather so many loose pages together & bound them together as a Book. "as the perfume which was loved by the Prophet Mohammed among the things of this world, subtle as attar, penetrating as musk—seven roses in a ring, Seven Eyes of Allah—the incense of the words of Noble Drew Ali."

Send Mystic Mail to be placed upon the Sacred Shrine. Send Moorish knowledge to be put in the Library. Donations of any kind always accepted with thanks.

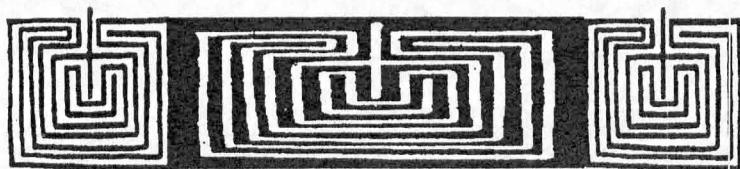
Mosque of the Seven Eyes  
c/o OUROBOROS

Post Office Box 4742  
Seattle, Washington  
98104-0742



The Ghaza, the "Holy War," *our* Holy War is not over. In fact, it has just begun. A millennium or two is nothing in comparison to human history—whether of creationist Christian or evolutionist (...Christian) or even Hindu/Buddhist timeline adherence. Or maybe it's been longer than that. Our lines of Ghaza began with the Prophet Muhammad; or perhaps with the triumph of Mithras; or perhaps really with The Sorcerer of Trois Frères. But the Holy War is Here, without a doubt. You've seen the subtle signs, your DNA knows the shibboleth. Agents.

Don't be alarmed. Or no, actually—don't be alarmed with *yourself* and your part in the Ghaza: But we must certainly be alarmed with the enemy. We must never stop being alarmed with and by the propagation of horror which continues all around us; by the efforts of the enemy to destroy the species, to poison the psychic gene-pool, to unnerve and declaw humankind. We must always be alarmed with the dead heart.



What is the Ghaza? What are its goals? The enemy denies us our very Selves. They are an unholy lot, born of an unholy lot, and on... But one might say that the goal is the Ghaza, that to re-achieve Selfness is the primary tactic, as well as the target. Too many revolutions fail because the goals are put out as something not-here, to-be-gotten-after-x, will-come-soon-but-first-we-must-do-such&such. But our primary tactic, primary weapon, is to ourselves complete the Ghaza in an instant, and to carry those around us along. Our line does not flow from The Sorcerer, because we *are* The Sorcerer. Teleology is a sneaky trick—discard it. Being-ness is always present, not a back-then or maybe-later. We are whole *now*.



The Ghaza is our wholeness, the absolute that we exist independently of permissions to do so. It is our wholeness, the absolute that we demand...no, demands are only forceful requests...the absolute that we actively create and maintain an existence through the apotheosis of our own passions and intuitions and the rightness of them. Not some dried out posturing, not some whine or cynical sigh. It's not concerned with correctness but with what's right. (Everything dies. Don't be afraid.) The Ghaza is...

The Sorcerer isn't silent or simply waiting, either. He terrifies all those who slide past his gaze. He remains with them and does not easily leave. He is absolute in his Self—can there be any question? Ancestor and Guide and overwhelming Here are

present with him, in him. Not a simple step to unify, either. He tears his flesh so that his body joins our new skin, concoctions heavy in my stomach. But then again, it is simple after all, because the means are apparent and the steps are there to be taken. The enemy r efuses

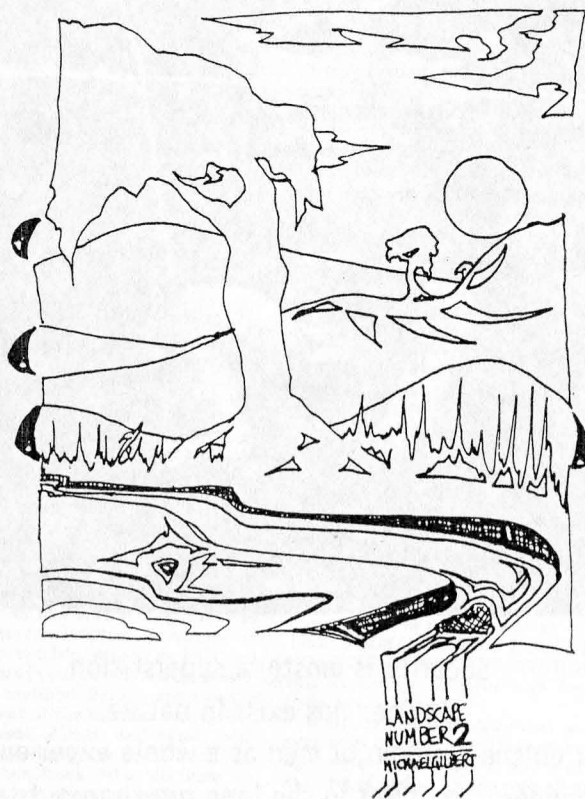


The Sorcerer, poisons our mind and flesh to keep him from appearing. Turns us against each other to keep us from learning.

But the Ghaza changes all that, changing it right now. Not much that we need to regain from the enemy, either—just to kick them out of our yards, because they're peeping in our windows and slipping ruffies in the vodka, stealing our Sorcerers' skins the moment they start to grow. I suggest a neighborhood watch. Get the community together on this.

Keep candles burning in the windows and signal flares at the ready. The Ghaza has a natural advantage, because we never de-mobilize, and we can pour from the cracks at a moment's notice. No Command to be captured, no commands to be intercepted. Cut our supplies? We'll trash their stores & supply their workers with bats & torches. Hordes in masks with flash-paper streamers. Little old ladies with dirty smiles. Bushes teeming with kids hurling balloons filled with wheat-paste and dog shit. Music soaring. Sorcerers skin crawling out of our mouths and eyes, creeping past nipples and crotches, sprouting claws, sprouting eyes.

Unconfirmed reports spot our forces massing in the hills to the East. You remember the road up there. *Think back...*



evening.



Security is mostly a superstition.

It does not exist in nature,

nor do the children of men as a whole experience it.

Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure.

Life is either a daring adventure, or nothing.

To keep our faces toward change and

behave like free spirits in the presence of fate is strength undefeatable.

## REVENGE of the IBIS

*With all that is no longer or waits to exist  
I find the lost unity: ibis mummy*  
—André BRETON

Sometimes there is an old man standing on the corner with white bats in his long white beard. Sometimes a parrot is perched on his cane of carefully fitted finger-bones. Sometimes the windows wear their shades to prevent us from seeing what roams about outside. Sometimes images and perhaps more than images from the past gather about us in dreams or even in the streets. Sometimes in the evening when I see a long, tall shadow standing apart from the shadows of the other buildings, I stop, and with a curiosity mixed with fear I trace that silhouette across seemingly endless drifting sands to its very top, fully expecting to recognize the head of a jackal attached to a form so rigid that, in comparison, brick buildings would seem to be in motion.

Long ago I was fascinated by the gods of the ancient Egyptians, fascinated by their unique dignity, their complete unhumanness. I remember reading the novel *She* by H. Rider Haggard, in which the hero (on attaining adulthood) opens several boxes, one inside the other, the last one of Egyptian origin, intricately carved and imbued with the mystery of the ancients. This box also contains the secret of his own origin and consequently the mystery of sexuality, primal source of all mysteries. We know that interest in genealogy (which often awakens as one approaches maturity) is a sublimation of curiosity about sexuality; and archaeology can be viewed as a further extension of this curiosity (and therefore of this sublimation) into the realm of ancient civilizations.

Animals have always represented for me the finest innocence, but of course not necessarily gentleness. They are fortunate not to be plagued, as is mankind, by problems of good and evil, and have even managed to completely avoid that original curse called religion, while mankind, with its fine and versatile hands and body, weighs itself down with amazing burdens of guilt and property. It is not accidental that "primitive" peoples have chosen animals as their totems. Man finds correspondences between himself and certain animals, and by choosing animals as totems he may share the superior powers they possess and can thus better deal with a barely understood and largely unnamed nature. Remnants of this totemic past continue to exist in our everyday language as metaphors and similes (brave as a lion, wise as an owl) and undoubtedly remain in our psychic structures.

The Egyptian mythical figures represent a unique development of the totemic conception, combining the heads of birds and beasts with human bodies, a practice which to modern civilization seems so monstrous. What do these beings, neither man nor beast, represent to the mind? Not innocence: for their human bodies tell us that they no longer remain at the mercy of nature like the dolphin whose brain capacity, though larger than the human, remains impris-

oned in the body of a fish. Moreover, the stature of the Egyptian beings allows them to see farther than their animal ancestors and they have hands that can hold weapons and make revolutions. But their animal heads possess still the keen sight, the superhuman hearing, and a cruelty resulting from a lack of sympathy for that suffering but inferior race, humanity. Their rigid posture incarnates that motionless second before the panther springs; their voiceless quiet waits only to be pierced by a shrill scream.

The ancient Egyptians believed that to create an image was to embody that image with spirit; that to name a thing was to have power over it. Thus drawings of demons were often left uncompleted, so as not to release their demonic power. This process recalls the essence of magical thinking which still exists in the mind of the child, for whom thought and act, word and object, are not distinguished. Judaism, recognizing the power of the created image, sought to destroy it and forbade all graven images. Christian civilization has been the heir of this repression, but what has been inherited above all is the repressed image — a mere imitation of repressed life. Against the Judeo-Christian heritage, surrealism insists that liberated images — images of liberation — are an initial necessity in the process of the liberation of life.

The magical power of images is derived from the source of all creative power: the unconscious; and the repression of images results only in their recurrence — in one form or another. Signs multiply. The marvelous beings with heads of beasts and human bodies found their way back through the collages of Max Ernst in *Une semaine de bonté*, where they participate in orgies of delight. And just recently I was fortunate enough to discover the enchanting music, dance and myths around which Sun Ra has created his own cosmology, combining ancient Egypt and outer space. There is even the Reebie Storage building at 2325 North Clark Street, in Chicago, decorated in a kind of Egyptian rococo style, which I have always suspected shelters the mummies of pharaohs, and which still causes me to pause every time I pass by it.

As I began to write some notes on these things — which I had had no intention of doing, but which, no doubt, was provoked by a shadowy necessity — the local community newspaper arrived at our door (21 March 1973) bearing the front-page lead story headline: RETURN TO THE GODS/ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RITES PRACTICED BY CHURCH GROUP — and all this happening no more than fourteen blocks from our apartment.

It is impossible to deny that words and images, once created, have the power of actualizing themselves, becoming eternal for us through the medium of desire. I know with all certainty that these fantastic beings will always remain, in Roheim's words, "the eternal ones of the dream," and that they will always be meeting me on the busy streets and in the dark forests.

Penelope ROSEMONT



## CALITHUMPIA

Consider the Mysteries of the Fart. Regardless of how eloquent the tongue may be, the fart crouches in wait like a restless and unbidden guest. One may negotiate with a fart but never suppress it. Born in a Labyrinth, it seeks its ecstatic moment of escape and dissipation, a gaseous Theseus prompted by a scarcely imaginable molecular thread. When it bursts forth, its song is spontaneous and disruptive, the bane of polite company. At other times, it cloaks itself in silence and invisibility, rising like a whispered prayer to offend the olfactory heavens. But despite all, its beholders largely eschew its subtlety and deny its complexity, if not its very existence. But there are celebrants of the fart, too.

For those with a discerning ear, there is music and wonder in the fart. Its biochemistry and physics may be expounded up to a point, but never its mystery. In the Temple of the Body, one must give careful consideration to the "gods of the underworld," i.e. those urges, exhortations and expulsions which so often seem to run contrary to the spirit of the heart's sanctum sanctorum or the head's conference of the senses. Where unbalanced ascetics may perceive the fart as the very trumpet blast of Hell, the self-integrated mystic may welcome the fart as the fanfare of humility or the call to refreshing laughter.

As this raucous blast of nether-wind is not without its music, consider the idea that there is music in everything and, by extension, in everyone. Into this breach charges the Calithumpian Band, a crowd-pleasing form of merry-making made popular in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. During the winter holidays of that period, Calithumpian bands would blurt, bang, whistle, razz, squeal, and rattle with a mad assortment of pots, pans, homemade instruments, noisemakers and anything at hand capable of producing a din of iniquity.

Although this tradition ostensibly traces its origins to 19<sup>th</sup> century America, it seems to be rooted in the medieval Feast of Fools, a madcap lampoon which cheerfully mocked the solemn ceremonies of the Roman Christian Church. During this satirical feast cathedrals were occupied by costumed revelers and farm animals, and festivities were variously orchestrated by Boy Bishops, an Abbot of Unreason or the mysterious Lord of Misrule. Praises were sung to Bacchus as wine casks were uncorked while the pie-eyed congregation brayed like donkeys to the "Assinarium." Indeed, an ass was often installed in the place of the priest. The event was also celebrated by cross-dressing clergymen, gluttonous sausage feasts and a general pelting of locals with balls of fecal matter. Stinking old-shoe incense was burned as the deranged Lord of Misrule was baptized with big buckets of water and leaves. Meanwhile, masked and

mischievous processions dashed through town banging on pots and shrieking lewd verses.

Some suppose that the Feast of Fools was a survival of an older, Pagan folk tradition- the Saturnalia. This ancient and venerable revel was a reenactment of the Golden Age of Saturn, when all human beings were equal. However, there are traditions from around the world which serve to drive out the evil spirits, haints, ghosts, bogeys, boogers, goblins, demons, and other negative influences with great amounts of noise and man-made racket.

Spontaneity may be the key element in a Calithumpian performance. It is the embodiment of the spirit of Carnival and the mad excesses which must erupt into mundane life like a spell of glossolalia in the boardroom. Lowbrow as the humble fart, it may appall the self-appointed guardians of good taste and morality, yet it brings sweet relief and a joyful noise. As the keepers of the cask exclaimed at the Feast of Fools: "Occasionally the bunghole must be uncorked, simply to relieve the pressure!!" Such festivity, it may be hoped, is contagious- an antidote to modern repression and an outlet for unbridled glee and crazy love. Calithumpia is a sweetly deranged state-of-mind. It is the first cousin to Jes Grew, bride of the vulgar jug band, and Pied Piper to the overflowing spirit. Calithumpia blurs and twitters its soundtrack for an Invisible Realm of Ahimsa- the white sand beaches where Ananda breakers unfurl along the shores of bliss. It floats on the scent of celestial flowers, the roots of which tangle in the nightsoil of consensus drudgery. And its unkempt music casts weird shadows on the walls of the cave as its rare strains rise toward sunlight.

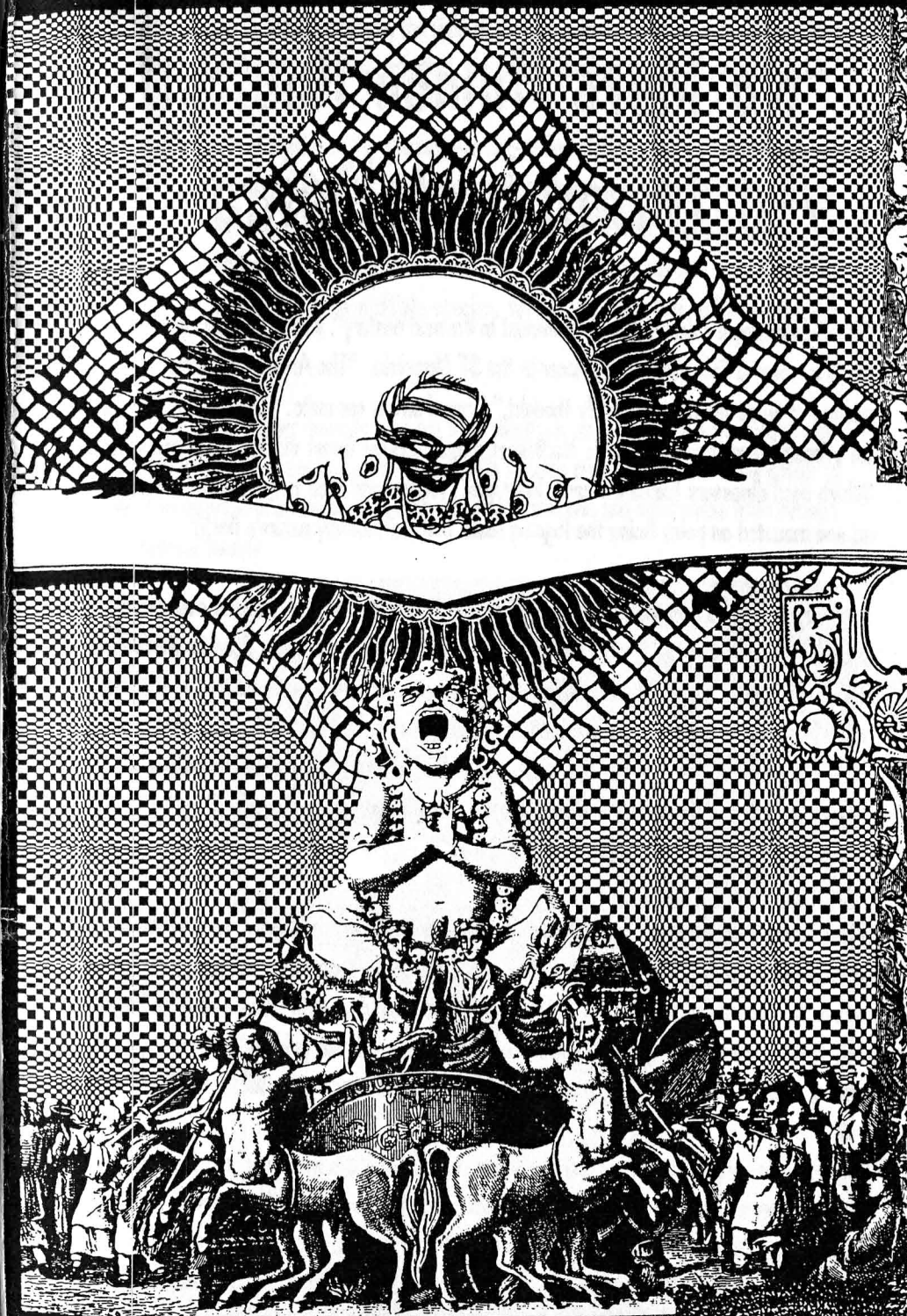
#### ABOUT THE KHALWAT-I-KHIDR MOORISH ORTHODOX TEMPLE

The Khalwat-I-Khidr is a hermitage of the Moorish Orthodox Church dedicated to the mysterious spirit of the "Green Man," known in many traditions and by many names (St. George, Robin Goodfellow, the Green Man of Knowledge and Khidr). The enigmatic Khidr is said to have tutored Moses and served as cook to Alexander the Great. His Dallas temple is part of the tradition of Moorish Science, an offshoot of Islam founded by the Prophet Noble Drew Ali who came "to uplift fallen humanity."

#### ABOUT THE STONE MONKEY CALITHUMPIAN ARKESTRA

The Stone Monkey Calithumpian Arkestra celebrates the brash and irrepressible spirit of the Handsome Monkey King of Chinese mythology, Sun Wu Kung. Like monkeys everywhere, we play and swing with primitive abandon.

**FOR MORE INFORMATION:** Mail letters, cassettes, love-offerings, weird art and scribblings c/o: Forbidden Books, 835 Exposition Ave, Dallas TX 75226



# "No More Human Habitat" An Immodest Demand

"Total environmental destruction is imminent in the next century", a scientist was quoted as saying in a recent article about Madagascar in the SF Chronicle. "The Amazon rainforest is disappearing at twice the rate previously thought," I heard on my car radio. Only 1% of the magical primeval forests of the Pacific Northwest remain. What forest did the paper come from? Which dead dinosaurs fueled my car? Why aren't loggers and their corporate heads decapitated and mounted on poles lining the logging roads that cut mommy nature's flesh?

Everyday the media broadcasts the ongoing destruction of the web of life, and everyday stupid people give birth to more human parasites, most often with pathetically neurotic motivations. The result is more people standing in line at the supermarket, more people driving down the freeway. Having kids usually hooks you more into the system - a job, stability, rent, snoopy neighbors who snitch on you if you're not raising your child to be as retarded as everyone else. But hey, at least there's the X Files and other movies and entertainers that we can sit back and watch while the big pimple of the world comes to a head.

I had a vasectomy recently. I thought about giving cigars out to my friends, not wrapped in pink or blue bands, but in green ones to signify an earth that gets greener with each human that chooses not to reproduce. As long as you don't abuse your children with religion or forced schooling, treating them as proprietary objects, our committee will not publicly denounce you. But please, no more than one, or two, max, alright? That means for your entire life, not with each mate.

The kumquat kiwi cow goat bear elderberry lion coconutty papaya asparagus revolution will never occur as long as humans strew their poopy-butt offspring throughout the biosphere. We must begin today offing the regenerate scum who pollute our oceans, soil, streams, and air. Let the Christians kill the Moslems and vice versa. Plant seeds of edible plants in their decaying corpses. Forcibly sterilize all Catholics, Mexican or not. Stop whining about human rights, unless it's the

right of laborers to cannibalize their bosses, the right of choir boys to sodomize priests with crucifixes, the right of soldiers to fire upon their superiors, the right of children to leave their parents....

Only fullscale selective slaughter of the character-armor-ridden strata of society reproducers can prevent chaotic armageddon. Consider raising llamas for milk and sex instead of children. Free Kaczynski, tear down the dams, let the trout, salmon and turtles confer with each other and form their own anti-human encroachment militias. Let Zorzanian tree villages spread, and the remaining humans crossbreed with multiple species, sprouting wings, fins and regrowing our long lost tails.

Finally, attack cows and other animals, and eat their flesh raw as we throw off the sickly, civilized, domesticated ways of our forbears. Naked with swollen clitties and boners, we gather in the meadow, smeared with blood, gorging ourselves. We are at one and inseparable from nature's ferocious, sensual bounty.

Humans are  
the only weedy  
species.

NO MORE  
HUMAN  
HABITAT!!!

Primal  
Revival

Re-awaken

Tap into your  
animal roots!





DO YOU THINK OSAMA BIN LADEN MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING?

DO YOU SEE GOD IN EVERYTHING AROUND YOU?

(DO YOU SEE GOD IN EVERYTHING INSIDE YOU?)

IS YOUR SKIN A MUNDANE COLOR, BUT YOUR BLOOD IS A BLAZE OF GOLD?

ARE YOU ABLE CONCEIVE OF HAPPINESS BEYOND YOUR NEXT PURCHASE?

DO YOU THINK REAL ESTATE IS A FILTHY RACKET?

DO YOU LIKE YOUR PETS ENOUGH TO LET THEM SLEEP WITH YOU?

YOU MIGHT JUST BE ASIATIC.

DO YOU MISS THE CALIPHATE?

DID YOUR COUS-COUS COME OUT AWESOME THE FIRST TIME YOU MADE IT?

EVER FANTASIZE OF STREETS TEEMING WITH LIONS & GAZELLES?

ARE YOU UNDERPAID AND ACTUALLY UNDERSTAND WHY THAT IS?

HAVE YOU EVER PUT A POTATO IN YOUR BOSS' TAILPIPE?

DO YOU WANT YOUR CHILDREN TO BE HAPPY INSTEAD OF "INCORPORATED?"

DOES YOUR SOUL JUMP WHEN A PREGNANT WOMAN WALKS BY?

YOU MIGHT JUST BE ASIATIC.

IS IT APPEALING TO YOU TO PISS IN THE BANK LOBBY?

DO YOU HAVE VAGUE MEMORIES OF THE NATION BUT YOU CAN'T QUITE...

IS THE SUN A GOOD FRIEND OF YOURS?

IS THE MOON AN EVEN BETTER ONE?

DO YOU FEEL LIKE MAKING OUT WITH BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS?

DO YOU THINK THAT NAPOLEON'S UNIFORM DESIGNERS WERE ONTO SOMETHING?

DO YOU SLIP AN EXTRA SHOT INTO YOUR DRINK WHEN THE NOBODY'S LOOKING?

WOULD YOU PLEASE SLIP AN EXTRA SHOT INTO MY DRINK, REGARDLESS?

YOU MIGHT JUST BE ASIATIC.

ARE MAINSTREAM RELIGIOUS GROUPS AS BORING TO YOU AS THEY ARE TO GOD?

WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO BURN HAIR & NAIL-CLIPPINGS OF YOUR ENEMIES?

DO YOU KNOW WHO THE REAL BAD GUYS ARE?

ARE YOU MORE AFRAID OF SAMENESS THAN OF DIFFERENCE?

DO YOU ENJOY EXOTIC CHEESES?

ARE YOU TIRED OF UNSURPRISING ART?

DOES THE DECOR IN FAMILY RESTAURANTS JUST MAKE YOU WONDER SOMETIMES?

HAVE YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO WEAR A FEZ?

ARE YOU STILL READING THIS PAMPHLET?

YOU MIGHT JUST BE ASIATIC.

## THE MOORISH MILLENNIUM IS UPON US

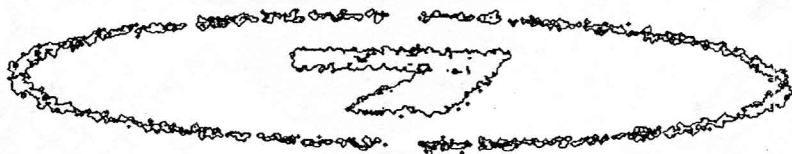
in the year 2000 the moors will come into their own

"every nation must worship under its own vine and fig tree"

We here at your local Moorish League chapters, from the Yeh-Lu Chut'sai Library to the Luqman Bey Memorial Temple to the Army of the Illogically Good-Humored and the Moorish Orthodox Kurultai Lodge, just want to take this time to point out that we give a shit about our community and each other. We want to take a moment to think about, and do, what is actually right, interesting, aesthetic, and good. We want to point out that things aren't as staid and bland as most people would like to think they are. We want to prove that our bodies aren't temples, they're amusement parks; and the world WE live in follows the same pattern. Art doesn't have to be safe or collectable, music doesn't have to be smooth and clean, food doesn't have to be repetitive or starchy, conversation doesn't have to be polite or low-volume. We have the sneaking suspicion that the world would continue even if people didn't know their place. We would like to suggest that a different take is not only possible and plausible, but easily at hand. We think it's a better idea to watch out for each other than to just watch each other. (But considering the lay of the land in this day and age, we pledge to watch those who watch the watchers...) We're not here to tell you how to do things, that's for you to decide: there's already a million people doing that already. Haven't you noticed the boot-prints in the flower beds?

"Come and link yourselves with the families of nations.  
We honor all the true and divine prophets."





### THUMBS UP! for "Physics on All Fours"

>>>>FORBIDDEN LOVE between science and mysticism. Not for the squeamish. Each time I crack open Nick's book joy spills out. I don't like poetry but I love this!

—Kelly Evans, creator of "PneumaticOMics"

>>>>FUNNY, EROTIC, and philosophically provoking. Nick's imaginative mix of science, sex, and extraterrestrial wisdom delightfully unveils the secrets of quantum tantra.

—David Jay Brown, author of "Virus!",  
"Mavericks of the Mind" and "Brainchild"

>>>>PROFOUND, MIND-EXPANDING! I keep Nick's book and Omar Khayyam's next to my hookah.

—Jabir 'abd al-Khaliq, Imam of Radio Beach

>>SASSY, LUSTY, BRASSY! At last I can savor all Nick's mash notes to Dame Nature in one volume. These poems will help you feel, see and touch reality in ways you never would have imagined. Good medicine for our times.

—Beverly Rubik, CEO Institute for Frontier Science  
author of "Life at the Edge of Science"

>>>>HOT QUANTUM LOVE SONGS by a smitten physicist. As Tantra is about union, so poetry is the praxis of Quantum Seduction. And like seduction, playfulness perhaps nudges us closer to Truth than the Mechanical Rigor of Nature's voyeurs.

—Dale Pendell, author of "Pharmako/Poeia:  
Plant Powers, Poisons and Herbcraif"

>>SEXY, INTELLIGENT and vividly imagined, Nick Herbert's poems lustily French kiss life, peck death on the cheek, and climb into bed with the mysteries of the universe."

—Adrienne Blue, author of "On Kissing:  
Travels in an Intimate Landscape"

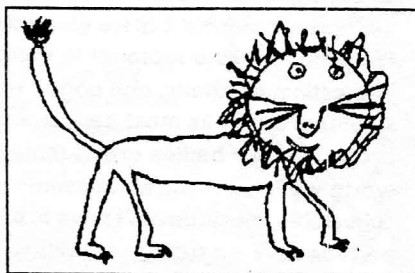
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# PHYSICS ON ALL FOURS



## NICK HERBERT

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